Drained

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by DarkDreamsOfHannigram

Summary

Hannibal has a very specific method of punishing Will when he's been disobedient.

Notes

A complete pervy explosion, based upon this extremely NSFW porn gif, which immediately made me think, "Will needs to be in that position."

Will's less serious punishments were usually for small infractions that had built up over time. Being late on occasion to their sessions together triggered the restriction of not being allowed to touch himself when he was alone. Hannibal could always tell when he violated this instruction, as the quantity and volume of Will's release was greatly diminished. He hadn't listened, and Hannibal scheduled a more inventive and strict correction. This time, a more severe reminder was necessary.

One long week had gone by, and Will had been *good*; he'd managed to contain himself, and thought maybe Hannibal would be merciful. But of course, that was not to be.

The starting position he was to be bound in would be nearly vertical; and as such, the back of the reclining chair he was put in was almost straight. Will's shoulders were braced flat on the seat of the chair, which put much of the weight of his body on them, while his head was resting with his face pointing upwards, in a perfect line with his cock. He had been throbbing as soon as Hannibal began to bind his wrists to his ankles, bending him nearly in half. It never failed to make him achingly hard immediately, all the touching and tightening, knots working into his muscles at certain pressure points. And the fact that he hadn't cum in seven days made everything much worse.

Hannibal stood back to survey what he'd done. Complete access was necessary, and movement to be made impossible. As he touched the backs and insides of Will's thighs in turn, with one long, gentle finger, Will finally found his voice and moaned deeply.

"I am going to blindfold you now, Will. I wish you to feel what I am doing to you, not see it and anticipate. Yes?"

A small, dry-throated "yes" was all Will could manage in assent.

After he could no longer see, Hannibal set up the rest of the equipment in the room, which Will did not need to know about immediately. To Will, the time he was left untouched was indeterminate; it seemed like many minutes, when it was no more than five or six. So when Hannibal was back, touching him, this time stroking his exposed hole, his finger wet with saliva, he shuddered deeply.

Hannibal kept this up, just lightly, over and up the cleft of his ass, down over the tight pink ring of muscle, and lower to his perineum, slightly more firmly each time. Will tugged desperately at the restraints, wishing he could press into the touching, wanting more contact.

Soon the more ever-more persistent strokes began to center on his entrance, and Hannibal penetrated him ever so slightly, circling just inside the rim, savoring the tightness each time Will was breeched.

"Mmmm, Hannibal, please…I need more…I can't move…" Will tried to raise his head, straining his neck, as he spoke.

"Shhh, Will, I'm aware that you're fully immobilized. More is what you'll get, but in the time that I determine. You should know this. And you should also know that you are meant to call

me ‘Doctor Lecter’ in this situation. Any more infractions, and I will make this last an interminably. Do you understand?”

Will sighed out a breathy “Yes, Doctor Lecter” before dropping his head back down. Hannibal enjoyed watching him lick his lips in anticipation. His tongue so pink against his lips, turned red from biting them. He wondered if Will would actually draw blood before this was over.

To drive home the point about prolonging things, Hannibal kept just probing Will’s hole with just the tip of his finger for several more minutes, his other hand massaging his ass, an indirect way of stretching him.

When he saw that Will was beginning to leak precum in a line that started at the slit of his cock, and ended at his mouth, he gave his first command: “Lick your lips.”

Will did as he was told, the small drops of fluid a precursor of much more to come. His breath hitched in his lungs as he tasted himself. Being told to clean up his own mess, as it were, was a particular form of degradation that Hannibal often employed, and its familiarity made him flush with memory of past humiliation, and the one that was soon to come.

Pleased that he’d done as he was told without hesitation, Hannibal rewarded the behavior with a few tentative grazes of Will’s now sensitized opening with the flat of his tongue. Will groaned from deep in his chest as the glancing, hot caresses became more insistent. Soon, Hannibal began darting in and out of Will’s asshole, his tongue flicking the inside of the now more relaxed ring, and Will’s groan turned into a breathy whine. Half-pronounced syllables tumbled from his open mouth as he envisioned Hannibal’s gracefully curved lips against his entrance. Occasionally, Hannibal could make out a half-voice “fuck” or “good” amongst the unintelligible sounds of pleasure. The previously intermittent drops of fluid from his cock had turned into a much more uninterrupted stream.

Satisfied that Will was ready for the next step in what would be a long session, he brought the curved, hard glass plug he was going to use up to Will’s hole. The transition from tongue to smooth glass was almost imperceptible to Will; other than the insistence of Hannibal’s probing, and size of the object, he might not have even been able to tell there had been a change.

Hannibal watched intently as Will’s body began to accept the plug inside of him, tapered but large at the middle, and just long enough to put the most pressure right at his prostate once fully inserted.

“Very good, Will,” Hannibal praised, once Will had taken it all the way. He gasped when it settled against the spot inside, now fully cognizant that he’d been filled. He realized at the back of his mind that his cock had yet to be touched, and was now throbbing and leaking quite a lot.

After a few quick strokes of Will’s perineum, Hannibal was ready to employ the next piece of equipment he had in mind; use of this one was going to require advanced warning. It had been sitting on a hot water bottle, and was perfectly warm.

“You’re going to feel something warm against you, here -” Hannibal touched the silver-plated metal object to where he’s just been massaging. Will sighed and seemed to relax a little.

“That’s good,” Hannibal encouraged. “In just a moment, I will switch it on, to its lowest setting.”

“What -” Will said, slightly confused.

His question was interrupted when Hannibal did as he said he would, and switched it on. It vibrated at a low thrum, and the external stimulation sent waves of sensation into him, between the outside of his body, and the inside where the glass plug pressed against him so firmly.

“Oh…” he sighed, his voice shaking I time with the vibration. It felt like nothing he’d ever experienced. It was hard to tell where his body ended, and the objects began.

“You’re so responsive, Will,” Hannibal said quietly and appreciatively. He marveled at how Will’s cock responded to this treatment, surging and leaking copiously. He turned it up to the next setting, and Will shifted a little side-to-side, the only movement he could manage. He evidently wanted more, so Hannibal pressed it into him more firmly, and stroked him with it from his filled hole, to just underneath his balls, which he began to touch softly, but insistently.

Will felt himself rhythmically pulsing around the plug, in resonant time with the vibrations; each time Hannibal increased the intensity, he had to re-establish the rhythm, but found it easier and easier. His responses lessened, and Hannibal would turn it higher, repeating the cycle. He was being brought inexorably to orgasm, by this incredibly skillful method, which reflected how much Hannibal was in tune with his responses.

Each wave came upon him in shorter intervals now, and Will began to realize that they were beginning to blend together completely. He had been taking breaths as deeply as his position would allow, but they turned into short, desperate gasps for air, and hitching moans began to fall from his lips.

“You cannot try to hold back. That’s it, Will, just like that…” Hannibal encouraged softly. He’d seen the trembling start in his thighs, felt the contractions begin, and knew he was about to go over the edge.

When he turned the device up to its highest setting, Will cried out in with a sound directly from his diaphragm, as he began to cum in thick bursts, with intense velocity, one after another, right into his own open mouth. He still had the presence of mind to swallow, but the position made it difficult, and a great deal spilled back out over his chin and face.

As his shuddering and gasping finally began to subside, Hannibal turned the vibrations down slowly to nothing, and put the device aside. He caressed the backs of Will’s legs, murmuring praises about how well he’d done, and what a pretty sight he made.

After Will caught his breath, Hannibal twisted the plug still inside him, causing aftershocks of pleasure to course through Will’s body, and finally removed it; Hannibal hummed

approvingly at the way Will's hole gaped just slightly after it was out. He couldn't resist massaging him there, and Will twisted at the overstimulation. He'd been dressed simply in a pair of silk drawstring pants, which he untied, and let fall away. Watching this had aroused him completely, and he took a little of the lubricant he'd used on the plug, and stroked himself.

Hannibal reached down to the handle that controlled the chair's degree of recline, and eased it back a little. Will felt like he could instantly breathe better, and managed to swallow a little more of the sticky fluid that had remained in his mouth. Before there was any chance of Will recovering, he ran his cock against Will's still stretched hole, eliciting a long, expectant groan at what he knew was to come. Smooth and hard, he began to press inside, the angle of the chair now making fucking Will more possible.

"It's all right…you can take it…you're so open right now…so hot and slick for me…."

Will's most basic thought, beyond the fear of too much sensation, was to obey, to please, and he let himself relax as much as he could.

He was gradual at first, but as soon as the head of his cock was fully inside, Hannibal felt compelled to push in all the way, one long firm stroke, that knocked Will's breath out of him anew. He may have been stretched and open at his entrance, but taking Hannibal's full length was a different matter.

Head thrown back, Hannibal held Will by the outside of the fleshiest part of his ass, and drew out again, fully, before plunging back inside, over and over, harder each time. Soon Will's sobs were drowned out by the sound of flesh against flesh, as Hannibal pounded into him, deeper than if he were merely fucking him from behind. Feral noises flowed from his elegant lips, and he started to watch as Will took his cock.

"Tell me," he commanded, in between thrusts, "how much you love it when I use you like this."

"Yes," Will sighed weakly. "Yes…yes Doctor Lecter, uuuuhhhh…."

"I want you… to be more specific." At this, Hannibal began stroking Will's cock, bringing him quickly back to hardness, despite the fierceness of his first orgasm.

Compliance was all Will could think of, even in the fog of this rather harsh manipulation of his oversensitive length, so he struggled to use what little air he didn't need to breathe to speak: "Yours…my mouth, my ass…yours to take pleasure from, to penetrate, to control…"

"Tell me what you are."

Will felt a trickle of cum flow from his mouth, and the answer was clear in his mind: "I'm your slut, your fucktoy, I'm yours…"

"Yes," Hannibal hissed through clenched teeth, as he felt Will's orgasm building again, "and I want you to cum for me again, I want to fuck you through it." He subtly changed the angle of

his hips so he was more directly putting pressure on Will's prostate with each heavy, hard thrust.

Hannibal didn't use profanities very often, and it made Will feel as if he'd been backhanded. He loved it. He felt the heat of his release expanding throughout his lower abdomen and base of his spine. Still, because he'd had such a strong and lengthy orgasm just a few minutes before, Hannibal had to continue for some time before he could begin to feel the rhythmic pulsing from deep inside of him. To Will, it seemed to last forever, and his conscious mind floated through and endless sea of nothing but the feeling of Hannibal's cock filling him.

The line between before coming and over it blurred for Will, and he felt his release painting his body again, this time on his chest and abdomen, as the angle he was immobilized in had changed. It was hot, even on his blushed and fevered skin, and more than he would have thought possible, given the sheer amount he'd produced before. Long and low, sound came from his throat, uncontrolled, and he heard Hannibal's visceral growls, changing in pitch and timbre each time another surge of cum was forced from his body as Hannibal thrust. It was almost lyrical.

Will was dimly aware of Hannibal becoming more erratic in his movements, and heard his voice go louder, before he felt the full weight of his body slamming against him, as his thrusts finally slowed. A half-dozen of these powerful jolts, and Hannibal was nearly finished spilling inside of him. He pulled out, panting, hair fallen across his forehead.

One last surge striped the backs of Will's thighs. The length of Hannibal's cock eased against the wet cleft of Will's ass, as he looked to see how much Will had cum, this second time.

Nearly breathless, he spoke: "Still quite a lot, Will. I imagine one or two more times for you, and we'll be finished."

Thought came to Will's unfocused mind: *Surely, he can't be serious?*

His unspoken question was answered when he felt Hannibal touching his wet and softening cock, sending him past the point of sensitivity. Clearly, he was not going to be released until Hannibal was satisfied he'd cum until he could no more.

Hannibal circled around to Will's side, admiring what he'd done to him.

"You look perfectly ruined, Will. Delicious, in fact."

"I can't, it's too much…"

Amusement played at the corners of Hannibal's lips. "I know what you are capable of."

He leaned over, and took Will's just barely hard cock into his mouth. Will shuddered deeply at the sensation, wishing he could see the sensual lips playing over his flesh. He could imagine them, though, with clarity. He felt himself growing harder against Hannibal's tongue, and found himself involuntarily trying to rock into his mouth, but his efforts were in vain. Once he felt the head of his cock make contact with the back of Hannibal's throat, he knew it was inevitable that he would cum yet again.

Two fingers were pressing inside of him, harsh and fast, and a strangled, cut-off noise was ripped from his throat as they curled upwards; Hannibal was pressing firmly, intent on milking yet another orgasm from him. His mouth, tight, ran the length of his cock, with increasing speed and tension.

When Hannibal felt him pulsing in his mouth, and his fingers being rhythmically squeezed with the contractions of Will's imminent release, he stopped sucking him, and took him in his large hand.

"So close, Will…that's it…"

Torturously forced to cum yet again, Will howled as thick fingers slammed against his prostate, and he drenched his abdomen; this time, his release was not as strong, or as copious, but it was still enough that he knew Hannibal would be unsatisfied that he'd been properly drained.

Breath was eluding Will this time, as he was close to panic. Hannibal's fingers withdrew, and he put his hand on Will's chest to calm him.

"Try to take deep breaths. You're doing so well."

Doing as he was instructed, Will found he calmed down a little. Meanwhile, Hannibal had been stroking his own length, aroused again at Will being so obedient, despite the difficulty it surely caused him. Watching Will panting, open-mouthed, his red and bitten lips parted, was beautiful.

Will was aware of what was happening, the sound of Hannibal's hand moving up and down his cock audible; this was something his mind could cope with, something grounding, and he relaxed in its familiarity.

"Perfect," Hannibal sighed. He stroked himself, drinking in the sight of Will painted with his own release.

When he came, with a satisfied, deep sound, he made sure to pull back just enough to cover Will's face and neck. After all, it *was* in fact difficult for him to swallow in this position, and he didn't want to add to Will's distress.

It felt so hot on Will's skin, and he felt his cock stir again at having been so thoroughly used. He knew Hannibal would be watching for any sign he was ready to be made to cum again, and groaned when he felt him moving back to his stretched and open hole, fingers entering him once more, with no preparation other than another coating of lubricant to slicken them.

This time, Hannibal was methodical, almost clinical; no mercy shown from Will's whimpers of protest, only one firm hand working his length, and one used to thrust three widely spaced, long fingers in and out of his abused, wet entrance.

Wanting it to end as soon as humanly possible, Will used all the force of his mind to concentrate, centering his focus on the fast-moving hands. He envisioned what he must look

like to Hannibal – covered in cum from both of them, debauched, every inch the plaything to be used as he'd confessed before.

Dreamily, almost offhand, Hannibal disrupted his thoughts, and said, "I look forward to showing you your performance today."

Will came quickly back to reality: "What?" he croaked, "'Showing me'? How?"

"I have two cameras set up recording us, Will. One from a wider angle capturing your full body, and the other focused right here -" He stopped rocking his fingers in and out Will's ass long enough to caress his open hole. "I want you to see what I am seeing."

Will felt his entire body turn red; *Hannibal had been videotaping this entire encounter? To show me later?* It was more than he could rationally comprehend; the way he looked, sounded. *The things I said*. As humiliation and the full weight of his degradation crept up on him, so did his arousal continue to rise to a fever pitch. He was owned, and he would see what that looked like; he didn't have to imagine, he would witness it-

Hannibal had resumed finger-fucking him, harder than ever, and this, combined with what he'd realized about the situation, and about how much he enjoyed it, sent Will over the edge one last time. He felt his cock pulse and surge with the same intensity as before, but his orgasm was dry.

Humming with satisfaction, Hannibal kept going until he was certain it was over, as one last spasm wracked Will's exhausted body.

He was still blindfolded, but even if he had seen the long, narrow knife that Hannibal brought up, he still would likely have not had enough energy to be startled by it. His bonds were cut through with its razor-sharp edge, and the ropes fell away as Hannibal straightened out the chair to a near-horizontal position. He scooped Will's tensionless body up in both arms, and transferred him swiftly onto the towel-padded bed.

Once he was laid out, the blindfold was removed. Will blinked unseeing up at Hannibal's serene face.

"You did so well. Next time, I am certain you will be able to achieve more than four orgasms."

"Next…next time?"

"Certainly," Hannibal replied, smoothing his plastered, wet hair back off of his forehead and tucking it behind his ears. "You do have a tendency towards disobedience. One might begin to suspect it is purposeful."

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